

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

Mr. D. J. Hill, Argus Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c., for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

Gov. Volney B. Palmer is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

William Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in the city of Baltimore, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, OCT'R. 1, 1850.

JUST LIKE HIM.

The editor of the "Old North State" is a very paragon of fairness! He not only dares his adversary into the field, but claims the choice of position, weapons, and every thing else. And even then, if pushed a little, he plays the ostrich to perfection, thrusts his head into the sand, and imagines his body safe!

We have already taken occasion to advert to the unfair and disingenuous course of our neighbor; but he still persists in it—nay, more—he seems to make a boast of it. A short time since, he charged us, by inuendo, with being an "incipient traitor," and we retorted: he now comes out and declares that he "did not charge, in specific terms, the editor of the 'Pioneer' with being an "incipient traitor"—thereby clearly admitting that he had made the charge in some form, but not in "specific terms!"—Inuendo and indirection appear to be the strong-holds of our neighbor, and one would suppose that he either advocated a very weak cause, or else desired to circumvent an opponent by means which he himself knows would be utterly futile if used in open day. But even these dexterous guerrilla efforts have proved miserable abortions, and have all recoiled upon the head of their author. As we have said above, he denies that he has charged us with being an incipient traitor in "specific" terms; and yet re-published what he did say, from which we take these words:

"The recent action of Congress will however kill these incipient traitors to the Union out-right. * * * What says our neighbor?"

Nothing can be more palpable than that our neighbor intended to classify us among those whom he recklessly characterized as "incipient traitors," at least by inuendo if not in "specific" terms; if not, why let him say so. He dare not deny that he meant to do so indirectly; and it would have been much more creditable if he had shown his hand at once, given a bold and candid expression to sentiments which he wished to utter, but feared to do so except under the cloak of indirection. Come out, neighbor, put your light on the mountain top, and don't hide it under a bushel. Be a man, and not a mole.

But our neighbor says that he "did and intended to charge those who endorsed the sentiments of the meeting at Macon with being traitors to the Union." That meeting took ground in favor of preserving the Constitution, (the very bond of the Union,) and declared that they would resist any violation of that solemn compact; and yet our neighbor says they are "traitors to the Union." In this he may find himself in the position of the lunatic, who, on being asked how he came in the asylum, answered, "A mere difference of words, sir; I said all the world was crazy, all the world said I was crazy, and the majority ruled."

During our revolutionary struggle for independence—that time that "tried men's souls"—amid the general shout for liberty and freedom from oppression, there were a few traitors, who still adhered to the fortunes of the tyrant, and opposed all resistance to British aggression; they advised submission, and cried "treason" against the patriots who had raised the proud standard of "Liberty or death;" and if the crusades of those lily-livered submissionists had prevailed, we should have continued the vassals of British dominion. Now, for ourselves we can see but little difference between oppression from abroad and oppression at home; and Southern submissionists may learn a lesson from the ignominious fate of their "illustrious predecessors." They who would see the Constitution trampled in the dust are traitors—not they who would preserve it from violation, in all its purity and integrity.

THE CONVENTION.—The Georgia Federal Union of the 17th inst. says—"We are authorized to state, that one of the contingencies having occurred designated by the Legislature, upon which the Executive was directed to call a Convention, to wit: the admission by Congress of California as a State into the Union, that Convention will be called. An authentic copy of the act admitting California has not yet reached this place."

Gov. Towns has issued his proclamation calling the Convention.

The Richmond (Va.) Times has seen thirty-eight bars of solid gold, weighing 8575 pennyweights, and worth nearly one dollar a pennyweight—the product of the "Brooker Gold Mines" of Messrs. Moseley & Co., in Buckingham county—the result of 60 days' work.

EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN AT HOME.

The Southern people have long indulged in the suicidal habit of sending their sons and daughters to the North to be educated. A false notion prevails among us that, in order to give them a "finishing touch," it is necessary to send them abroad, and place them under the tuition of some Yankee, whose sentiments, feelings and habits are utterly antagonistic to their own. It seems that when this is done, the pupil returns to the South, full of all the "accomplishments" deemed essential in polite society.

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ONE OF THE EFFECTS.

Those who think that in adopting the Compromise measures passed by Congress they have saved the Union and restored harmony and good feeling among the people of the United States, are doomed to disappointment. Even should the States continue to cling together as a confederacy, there will be such an estrangement of feeling, such an alienation of sympathy, that what remains will merely bear the name of union, when in fact there will exist but little unity between the two great sectional divisions. The Union was formed for common purposes: how can those purposes be accomplished, if one section works against the other, and spurns all social and commercial affiliation? And that such will be the case, is manifest from the unmistakable "signs of the times." For example, we find in the last "Mississippi" the proceedings of a large mass meeting, in that State irrespective of party, embodying the following resolutions:

1st. Resolved, That whereas the efforts of the non-slaveholding States of the North and West, for some years past have been unceasingly directed to the restriction of slavery, and to the destruction of slave labor—to the exclusion of Southern men from the enjoyment of territory acquired by the common blood and treasure of the whole Union, and which belongs equally to the citizens of all the States to the abuse of Southern men and Southern institutions—that it is the true policy of the South to build up and encourage its own manufacturers, so far as it is practicable, to discontinue its intercourse with, and to throw off its dependence upon a people who steal our property, fleece us out of our money and brand us as oppressors—who realize millions annually from the productions of slave labor, while they disparage the morals and impugn the motives of slave owners; therefore we do solemnly pledge ourselves that we will purchase no article of our domestic consumption that is grown, prepared or manufactured in any of the non-slaveholding States of this Union, provided such articles can be obtained as the growth or manufacture of any of the Southern States, and that in the purchase of every description of goods, wares and merchandise, we will in every instance give the preference to the manufacturers and productions of the Southern States, and to such merchants as deal in such articles exclusively.

2d. Resolved, That we will not transact any business (either by the shipment of cotton to, or the purchase of goods from) with any merchant in the city of New Orleans who is known to be a *free soilder* in his sentiments, or unless his long residence in the South and known opinions have identified him with the South.

3d. Resolved, That we will employ no school teachers, or patronize any school under the management of any person or persons, who are not known to be wholly Southern in all their feelings and opinions, as we are unwilling to subject our children to the taint of corruption, by placing them under the influence of those who claim it as a religious merit to aid in the destruction of Southern institutions.

What a deplorable state of affairs is here presented! So insulting and oppressive has the recent legislation of the National Congress been regarded by a portion of the citizens of the South, as to induce them to forswear all communication with the North!

The fugitive slave bill was the only one of the whole batch recently passed by Congress which possessed the slightest semblance of justice or protection to the South—and that was a mere semblance or shadow, for it is re-enacted a provision solemnly established by the Constitution; and if the North failed to respect a constitutional obligation, it is idle to expect that they will sustain a mere legislative enactment of similar import. But this bill professed to have in view the protection of the rights of the Southern people; it declared (what the Constitution already affirmed) that the owner of a runaway slave might pursue and capture him in any of the free States. Well, now, although every body knows that the master will encounter as much difficulty now as ever in the recovery of his fugitive slave, and although the bill grants nothing of real value, but only a shadow to pull the South into an acquisitive in the other measures; yet how did Northern Whigs treat even this poor concession? Why, of their whole delegation only three voted for it! Now it will be remembered that the great body of that party come from the North and give the cue to their Southern friends; still we find them so intolerant and bigoted as to oppose even this small favor!

The Steamer Ohio arrived at New York on the 23d from Chagres, but brings no later advice from California than those by the Philadelphia, which will be found in another column. She brings half a million of gold dust.

The two Houses of Congress have arranged their disagreement relative to the deficiency mileage bill, for paying the California members. The Californians get their full mileage—some six thousand dollars each!

The very honorable Wm. H. Seward, an U. S. Senator from the State of New York, has sent us a copy of a speech delivered by himself, on the 11th ult., on the subject of "Emancipation in the District of Columbia"—in other words, the abolition of slavery itself in that District. Mr. Clay's bill for the abolition of the *slave-trade* in the District was thought outrageous enough—but it didn't begin to satisfy the cormorant appetite of this gentleman, who offers an amendment, that not only the *slave-trade*, but slavery itself, should be abolished there. He very modestly intimates that the Senate are willing, he has no particular objection to consulting the people of the District on the subject; at the same time, he avows his readiness to pass the bill *without* this piece of condescension. There is nothing surprising in the speech before us—it is full of *Swearism*; and he is the man who has "damned himself to everlasting fame" by his devotion to a "higher law" than the constitution of our country, and by his bitter and unrelenting abuse of Southern institutions.

THOMAS RITCHIE.—We see it rumored in the papers that this distinguished veteran of the editorial corps, is about to withdraw from the "Union," and that his late partner, Mr. Burke, and Wm. M. Overton, Esq., will succeed him.—The latter gentleman, we believe, has been an assistant editor in the "Union" office, since the withdrawal of Mr. Burke.

We are indebted to Hon. Fred. P. Stanton, of Ky., for interesting congressional documents.

Jenny Lind's benevolence seems to have gotten her into a very unpleasant "fix." She is every day besieged by hosts of hungry applicants for favor.

The Raleigh papers are boasting of working off their issues on paper manufactured in that town. This is a gratifying sign.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—In the "Old North State" of Saturday, there is a communication containing one single sentence *seventy-five lines long!* This single sentence covers the space of nearly three quarters of a column! Je-rus-a-lem!

POPULATION OF RALEIGH.—By the report of the Deputy Marshal of Wake County, we learn that the population of Raleigh amounts to 4,468—of whom 2,250 are whites; 1,760 slaves; and 458 free blacks.

DEATH OF A SENATOR.—John Exum, Esq., Senator elect from Wayne county, in this State, died at his residence on the 4th ult. He was a Democrat, and had represented his county in the Legislature for a number of years, with fidelity and ability.

FIRST COMMERCIAL NATION.

The London correspondent of the N. York Herald, states that the commercial tonnage of the United States is 20,000 tons, more than that of England, the former being 3,150,000 tons, and the latter 3,130,000 tons. If this be true, we are the first commercial nation in the world.

DEATH OF JENNY LIND.

THE CUBAN AFFAIR.

A dispatch of Saturday, from Washington, says:

"The Spanish minister, at the request

of Mr. Webster, returned last night from New York, and had a long conference with him. The business relates to Cuba, and we understand that another attempt is to be made on Cuba. The descent is first to be made upon Hayti, and then upon the Isthmus."

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER PHILADELPHIA.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.

The steamer Philadelphia arrived here

this afternoon from Chagres.

She brings dates from San Francisco to the 15th of August.

She has on board one million

dollars worth of gold, and one hundred

passengers.

When the "Philadelphia" left Chagres

there were some few cases of the

prevailing disease, (fever) which, however,

was confined almost entirely to the na-

tive population. With proper care and

attention to health, no fear need be felt

by persons wishing to cross the Isthmus.

No reliance can be placed upon the

reports of persons passing through the

place, as they are, in general, highly ex-

aggerated.

It is the opinion of Dr. Gould, who

resides at Chagres, that by the middle

or latter part of October, the sickness

will have entirely disappeared, as at that

time the dry season commences, and the

principal cause of the unhealthiness will

be removed.

HEAVY FAILURE.

The stoppage of Saturday, from Wash-

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\$200. The min-
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parts have reached
the bars.

M. EUROPE.

MESSAGE ON RECORD.
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Sept. 27, 1850.

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Cubans at Cardenas

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Southward."

A PARODY AFTER JENNY.

Max Maretzki the spirited Conductor of the Italian Opera, has sent 60,000 francs to Europe to clinch his engagement with Signorina Parodi, who created such a *furore* in London, and that too, in the wake of Jenny Lind.

E. City, August 24, 1850.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—BANK TROUBLE.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 25.—P. M.
Upwards of 140 fugitive slaves have left this city and Alleghany since last Saturday, for Canada. They were all armed to the teeth, and were determined to die before they would surrender.

Several Southerners, suspected as being slave hunters, are now here.

They fled on account of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill. The principal hotels are left without servants.

The weather is very warm, with the appearance of rain.

It is rumored that the North Western Bank of Virginia is in an unsound condition.

ONLY \$52,700,000 A YEAR.

On the 2d instant, according to the report of Congressional proceedings, Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, showed before the House of Representatives, that the expenditures of the present year will amount to the enormous sum of *five-hundred thousand dollars*, or about two dollars and fifty cents to each man, woman and child, black and white, bond and free in the whole country!

A man committed suicide. A coroner's jury was empannelled, heard the evidence, and brought in a verdict, that the man was a *da-d fool*!

An honest farmer thus writes to the chairman of an English agricultural society:—Gentlemen, please put me down on your list of cattle for a jackson!

MARINE REPORT.

ELIZABETH CITY, SEPT. 30, 1850

For the week ending yesterday.

ARRIVED, Schr. Julia Ann, Grizes, from New York in ballast.

NORFOLK MARKETS.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1850.

BACON—Virginia and N. Carolina hog round new 73; Hams \$2 a lb.

CORN—White and mixed corn 55cts.; cents; yellow 61 a 62c.

COTTON—12 a 13cts.

FLOUR—\$5 to \$7.

FLAXSEED—123—sales.

LARD—9 cents.

PEAS—B. E. 75 cts., from stores.

PORK—Mess., \$10 a 11.

PRIME, \$10.

STAVES—O. P. Pipe \$48 a \$49.

W. O. hhd. in demand, \$34 a \$35.

R. O. hhd. \$35 a \$36.

W. O. Heating, \$37.

Rough W. O. bbl. \$22 a \$23.

TAR—Black, sales of small lots afloat at \$1 40 a \$1 50.

BALTIMORE MARKET—SEP. 25.

Flour—Howard street \$4 81; City Mills, \$4 64.

Wheat—Good to Prime Red 10cts.

white 100 a 115c.; family flour 112 a 118c.

Corn—White 54 a 56c.; yellow 57 a 58c.

TROUBLE BREWING IN NEW MEXICO.

A writer in the New Orleans True Delta, in a letter dated Brownsville, Sept. 5, says that Ariati is preparing for resistance in case Almonte is elected to the Presidency, and the friends of Almonte in the interior are preparing for the same purpose in case of Ariati's success.

The whole of the State of Tamaulipas is in favor of Almonte.

HAYNAU'S DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

The London Daily News, of the 18th ult., has a full and corrected account of the drubbing given to the butcher Haynaus by the London brewers. After he had found safety in the public house of Mr. Benfield, where he first crammed himself away in a dustbin, from whence he was dragged by the hair and moustache, flatly secured in a bed room, by the lady of the house, he made his final escape as follows:

A strong body of the police soon arrived, and their appearance at once quelled the fury of the populace. The inspector, on entering the house, found the General seated on the edge of a bed in a pitiable condition. He was much exhausted, and in his own language complained severely of the pain endured from the injuries inflicted upon him.

Having partaken of some slight refreshment, the inspector asured him, through the interpreter, that he might consider himself perfectly safe under his care, as he had a body of officers down below to protect him. It was some time, however, ere he could be induced to believe that he was free from further violence. His torn garments having been temporarily repaired by the interpreter, and Mr. Benfield having lent him a hat, he ventured to make for the Thame's Police galley that was lying at the foot of the stairs fronting the George. Getting safely into the boat, it was rowed to Waterloo bridge. A cab was then procured, and the exhausted Marshal was conveyed to Morley's Hotel, Charing-cross. It should be mentioned, however, that when he took his departure from Bank-side, he was greeted with yells, and his hat was thrown into the river after him.

On the 2d the remainder of that day the General was confined to his bed at his hotel. On Friday he was still suffering from the injury he had sustained. He was visited by several of the Austrian nobles and others resident in London; and in order to avoid the recurrence of a similar display of feeling, arrangements were made for his quitting England, and in the course of Friday night, we are informed, he took his leave at Hertford.

The George, where Haynaus took refuge, has been ever since an attraction to the curious. It has been daily visited by crowds of exiled Hungarians, the dust-hole and bed-room being objects of much attraction to the curious. Cheers are repeatedly given by the visitors for the draymen and coal-heavers. Mr. Benfield, to whom Haynaus was largely indebted for his safety, called at Morley's and sent in his card, but the Marshal refused to receive it.

The excitement caused by the occurrence has found a poetical vent, and verses, entitled "The Southwark Brewers and the Austrian Butcher," were very generally sung about the streets of Southwark.

A PARODY AFTER JENNY.

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E. City, August 24, 1850.

LARGE CATTLE.

COL. BYRON J. BASSEL, of Harrison County Va., has purchased three pair of oxen whose gross weight are as follows:

One pair, 4 years old, weighed 4,000 pounds.

One pair, 6 years old, weighed 5,000 pounds.

One pair, 6 years old, weighed 5,500 pounds.

They fled on account of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill. The principal hotels are left without servants.

The weather is very warm, with the appearance of rain.

It is rumored that the North Western

Bank of Virginia is in an unsound condition.

NOTICE.

WILL BE SOLD on the 7th day of October, 1850, about \$90 or 1000 pieces of White Fine Scanting, as it lies scattered on the beach, from Cape Inlet to Kitchawh. The sale will commence on the beach at 11 o'clock, about 8 miles north of Kitchawh Bay. Sold by the Commissioner of Wrecks for the third District of N. C.

H. CALLOP, C. of W.

25 JHHS Porto Rico & F. R. Molasses;

300 bags Naguaya, Rio and Java Coconuts;

200 barrels rectified Whiskey;

200 do superior do, asst'd brands;

500 packages lbs. Ss and ss Tobacco, various

brands;

2500 lbs.

POETRY.

UPWARD—ONWARD.

BY JAMES W. COFFROTH.

Up and onward! Look not back,
With a foolish sad regret,
Over life's receding track;
Stars of promise sparkle yet
In thy Future's opening sky;
Gird thy loins and onward fly!

All the Evil of the Past
With the Past has gone forever.
But its good will ever last,

In its brightness, fading never—
Owning but the Truth as Master,
Onward! dreading no disaster!

Homer in his song is living,
Plato's voice melodious swells,
Still Leonidas is striving;
And on this earth Jesus dwells
'Mid the despised and lowly hearted,
From pious luxury departed.

Even now the morn is breaking
Of the better, brighter day—

Nations from their slumber waking,
Joyful hail its dawning ray;
And raptured by the cheering sighs,
Exalt the chorus, "Light, more Light!"

Let thy thoughts, like eagles soaring,
Guide thee on thy upward path,
Heed not Errors round thee roaring,
Boldly front their utmost wrath.

Hope, these fearful scenes adorning,
With bright bow bespeaks the morning,
Onward! onward! Toils despising,

Upward, upward! Turn thine eyes,
Only be content when rising,
Fix thy goal amid the skies;

Let not flattering ease divert you,
Such is Vice—and Action's Virtue!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

"He fied, yet so calmly meek,
So gently won, so sweetly weal."

The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams which like the visions of a fever agitated and unnerved me; the last strife, the hardships of my early life and a thousand other things mingled together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate.

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," he said. At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protege of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nurture; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I, too, had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence, of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered him for his inconstancy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed upon him constantly. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his task as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was levelled at me; and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had quite forgotten to enquire whether he was hurt; though, at the time, I had inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet.

"Great God!" I exclaimed, "you don't mean it? He is not dying?"

"I fear, sir," said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying idle here!" I exclaimed, with remorse. "Lead me to him."

"He is delirious, but at the intervals of lunacy, he asks for you, sir," and as the man spoke, we stood beside the bed of the boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his hammock, as it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was so stifling, that he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the vessel was in motion, while the clear, calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent up hold—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with his head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned; and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying, had been intensely painful, but within the last half-hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle stained and gray haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached, they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—

"He is going fast—poor little fellow—

do you see this?" as he spoke, he lifted up a rich gold locket which had lain upon the boy's breast.—"He has seen better days."

I could not answer, for my heart was full—here was the being to whom a few hours before I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child lying before me, with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never sought him after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me at that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head, said sadly—

"Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one, when your log's out," he spoke with emotion, "to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and looked vacantly around. "Has he come yet?" he asked in a low voice. "Why don't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand, "Don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said—

"You have been kind to me, sir—kind than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have."

I burst into tears: he resumed—

"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth."

"Can I do nothing for you, Dick?" said I; "you saved my life. I would coin my blood to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the name of the place, and all about it in my trunk."

"Anything, everything, my poor lad," I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead.

"It's a long, long ways up there, but there are bright angels among them—Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?" and lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears—the child was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it!—[Nat. Intel.]

UNCLE BILL.

A SKETCH ABOUT LOVE AND GOLD DUST.

Uncle Bill Griffin, or Uncle Bill, as he was commonly called, with an irreverent disregard of his patronymic, did not retire from the ship chandlery business till he was worth something more than a plumb. Not being blessed with a son to continue his name and inherit his fortune, he lavished all his tenderness and care upon his daughter. Sweet Molly Griffin, who was as unlike thy papas, as a canary bird is like a bull dog. His face was as hard as a Dutch nut cracker, thin as soft as a rose leaf. He was the veriest miser in all creation—thou didst spend thy pocket money as liberally as a Prince of Wales. In his household management, Uncle Bill was a consummate skinflint; tradition said that he used to soak the back logs in the cistern, and water the lamp oil, and he was added and abetted in all his niggardly domestic schemes by a vinegar-faced old housekeeper, who was the sworn enemy of all good cheer, and stinted from a pure love of meanness. Yet pretty Mary had no reason to complain of her father's penituousness, as far as she was concerned. He sent her to the best schools and gave her a cart blanche on the most expensive milliners, and when she walked Washington street of a sunny day, there was no more gaily bedecked damsel to be seen from Cornhill to Essex street.

On course several very nice young men in varnished leather and white kids fell over head and ears in love with her, and there was a larger number of whiskers collected outside of the meeting she attended on Sunday, than darkened the doorsteps of any other metropolis church.

Yet cold was the maid, though legions advanced,

All drilled in Oridian art,

Though they languished, ogled, protested and danced,

Like shadows they came, like shadows they glanced,

From the pure polished ice of her heart.

Besides, old Uncle Bill was a formidable guardian to his attractive daughter. Did he not fire a charge of rock salt into the inexpressibles of Tom Bills, when he came serenading with a cracked guitar? Didn't he threaten to kick Tom's tail off? Lost your all! Poor fellow! Well, I made it up to you—and now I won't hear another word about it."

When Uncle Bill departed this life, his immense property was found to be equally divided between his daughter and son-in-law, the testator bequeathed to the latter his share to compensate him for the loss he sustained on his return from California. The old miser had died in the full belief that Bittles never lost the gold dust.

SHARP SHOOTING.—The clerk of a steamboat once amused himself greatly at the expense of a catholic priest, whose profession he pretended not to know. Among a number of impudent questions he asked the following:

"Can you tell me the difference between a catholic priest and a jock?"

"No, sir," replied the priest.

"Well," said the clerk, "I'll tell you. The one wears the cross on his breast, and the other on his back."

"Very well, replied the priest, coolly,

"can you tell me the difference between a steamboat clerk and the long eared animal of which you have just spoken?"

"No, sir, what is it?"

"I can discover none," said the priest.

The clerk stepped out.

SAILOR AND HIGHWAYMAN.—One of the Dower stages, on its way to London, was stopped by a single highwayman, who being informed by the coachman that there was no side passengers, and only one in the basket, and he a sailor, the robber instantly proceeded to exercise his functions upon the honest tar: when waking him out of his sleep, Jack demanded to know what he wanted; to which the robber replied—

"Your money."

"You shan't have it," said Jack.

"No!" replied the robber; "then I'll blow your brains out."

"Blow your eyes, blow away!" said Jack.

"I may as well be without brains as without money. Drive on, coachee."

"So you would not take me to be twenty!" said young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka a few evenings ago. "What would you take me to be then?"

"Thunder! what a plantation she's got," said Gus, as it came in contact with his ribs.

"For better or for worse," replied he, and she was nothing loth.

"What's your income?" inquired Griffin.

"Eight hundred," answered the suppliant.

"I won't do, my boy," said Griffin, shaking his grim locks. "No man on a salary shall marry my daughter. Why, she's the finest girl in Boston; and it takes capital to marry a fine girl. When you have thirty thousand dollars to begin with, you can come back and talk to me."

Bittles disappeared. Six months after that, Miss Mary Griffin received a letter with an endorsement of Uncle Sam, acknowledging the receipt of forty cents. It ran thus:

SAFARI, California, 1849.

DEAREST MARY:—Enclosed you will

find a specimen of California Gold,

which please hand your father and oblige.

Have to advise you of my return to Boston.—Please inform your

father that I have made fifty thousand dollars at the mines, and shall (wind and weather permitting) soon call upon him to talk over that matter and arrangements of partnership.

Yours to command,

SAMPSON BITTLES.

Mary, as in duty bound, handed the epistle to her father, who was overjoyed. Some weeks elapsed and the return of the steamer to New York was telegraphed. Griffin was on the *qui vive* to see his future son-in-law.

On the day of his expected arrival, he met with a California man who came home in the same ship.

"Where's Bittles?" he inquired.

"Oh, ho! you'll see him before a great while," replied the Californian.

"Has he been lucky?"

"Yes—fifty thousand at the lowest figure. But he's going to try a game over you. He means to tell you that he has been robbed of all his gold on the way home, to see if you have any generosity and disinterestedness—so to speak whether you'd give your daughter to him, gold or no gold."

"Sly boy!" chuckled old Griffin.

"I'm much obliged to you for the hint. I'll act accordingly." *God morning.*

Now it happened the Californian was a good friend of Bittles, and that the story of Bittles' fortune was absolutely true, he having been robbed of every ounce of his hard-earned gold dust on his way home. So it may be supposed he called on Griffin with a very lugubrious and woe-begone air.

"My dear boy," said Uncle Bill, "I am delighted to see you, and pleased to hear of your luck. I welcome you as my son-in-law. But what the deuce is the matter with you?"

"Alas, sir!" said Bittles; "I am the most unfortunate man living. I made forty thousand dollars at the mines—

"Very hard luck!" interrupted the old gentleman chuckling.

"But on my way home, I was robbed of every ounce—and now how can I claim your daughter's hand!"

"Sampson Bittles," said Uncle Bill very cunningly, "if you haven't got fifty thousand dollars you deserve to have it—you've worked hard enough to get it."

You shall have my daughter, and the marriage shall be celebrated to-morrow night. In anticipation of your return, I have had you published. And while you're talking with Mary, I'll draw a check for \$50,000, so that you may go into partnership with a sufficient capital."

"But, sir, I'm a beggar."

"So much the better—you'll work harder to increase your fortune."

"My dear sir, how can I thank you?"

"By making my girl a good husband. There—go—go—and tell Mary the news."

Bittles did tell her the news, and they were married. He went into business on the fifty thousand furnished him by his father-in-law, and was so extraordinarily prosperous, that Uncle Bill was more convinced than ever that the story was true.

He sent her to the best schools and gave her a cart blanche on the most expensive milliners, and when she walked Washington street of a sunny day, there was no more gaily bedecked damsel to be seen from Cornhill to Essex street.

"I know all about it. Had it put in the papers, too, eh? O, it was a terrible affair!"

"But on my way home, I was robbed of every ounce—and now how can I claim your daughter's hand!"

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